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THE  
CITY TRIUMPHANT:  
OR, THE  
BURNING  
OF THE  
EXCISE-MONSTER.  
A NEW  
BALLAD.

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*To the Tune of, King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

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*----- Nec lex est justior ulla,  
Quam necis Artifices arte perire sua.*

---

*Till Doomsday think, you never will invent,  
For Monsters vile, so just a Punishment.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. REYNOLDS, in the Strand; and sold by the Booksellers and  
Pamphletfellers of London and Westminster. MDCCXXXIII.

(Price SIX-PENCE.)



THE  
CITY TRIUMPHANT:  
OR, THE  
BURNING  
OF THE  
EXCISE-MONSTER.  
A NEW  
BALLET.

To the Tune of, King and the Abbot of Canterbury.

Quam necesse est iustis  
Nec lex est iustis

For Monsters sake, to let a Parliament  
Till Down-day think, you never will relent



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(Price SIX-PENCE)





O! have you not heard how Dame Pallas of old  
 Spring out of Jove's forehead a Chastity-Round?  
 Not to did this Monster for his monstrous Men  
**CITY TRIUMPHANT!**

OR, THE  
**BURNING**  
 OF THE  
**EXCISE-MONSTER.**



**H**ISTORIANS relate that in *Afric* are bred  
 The largest of Monsters that ever wore Head;  
 But if those grave Antients had liv'd in this  
 Age,  
 They'd change their Opinions, and be the  
 more sage,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

For News-Mongers tell us, (perhaps it is true,)  
 A Monster has lately appear'd that was new;  
 Which in many Parts of a City they saw,  
 Some swore it was *Fejn*, and some others 'twas *Straw*,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

The Qualities of this new Monster, in Verse  
 More difficult 'tis, than in Prose, to rehearse;  
 But that it may not be for ever and ay  
 Forgotten, I'll tell you what some People say,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

All



All at the same time, and in different Places,  
 This Monster was seen, which most sure a strange Case is;  
 From whence they conclude that *Transubstantiation*,  
 Ill Omen indeed! would infest the whole Nation,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

O! have you not hear'd how Dame *Pallas* of old  
 Sprung out of *Jove's* Head, and danc'd a *Cheshire-Round*?  
 Not so did this Monster, for six monstrous Men  
 To beget it did club, but some say they were ten,  
*Derry, down, down, &c.*

This Monster so frightful, tho' but little worth,  
 Like any *Non Con*, for an Hour could hold forth,  
 To ruin Mankind he himself did devote  
 And turn'd too, as best it did serve him, his Coat,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

It had a large Head, and a Neck like a Bull,  
 But often a large Head does prove that the Skull  
 Is void of what some honest People call Brains,  
 But I hope of Allowance we ought to give Grains,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

It had, as I tell you, a *Harry's* long Claws,  
 A Stomach voracious as *Cormorant's* Maws;  
 Like *Ostrich*, 'twould swallow what to it was flung,  
 And, when more it wanted, would hold out his Tongue,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Then for *Secret Service* full ten thousand Pound  
 In a Morning 'twould take, if it were to be found;  
 It ruin'd more Families Histories say,  
 Than ever were shipwreck'd in fatal *South-Sea*.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Sometimes, like a Parasite-Courtier, 'twas seen,  
 And often wou'd change itself into a *SCREEN*;  
 Like *Proteus*, it's Shape and its Form it vary'd,  
 But damnable blue it look'd when it miscarry'd.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

This



This Monster, which had but a little to brag on,  
In many Parts much did resemble a Dragon.  
It had in its Jaws twenty-four Teeth of Iron,  
A Hide thick as Buff did around him inviron.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

O, have you not seen a Ship tofs'd by the Waves,  
The Mariners thinking they'd there find their Graves?  
Just so by this Monster was all the whole Nation  
Put into a violent strong Fermentation,

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Their Rights and their Liberties he did invade,  
And thought to have crippled the Merchants in Trade;  
Man, Woman, and Child, he design'd to devour,  
If once he cou'd get 'em but into his Pow'r,

*Derry down, down, &c.*

The Poison of Adders lay under his Tongue,  
And close to him Numbers of RATTLE-Snakes clung:  
But finding, at last, that his Aim he did miss,  
They star'd in his Face, and then at him did hiss,

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Two large Saucer Eye-balls, than Light'ning more red,  
Were plac'd o'er his Snout in the Front of his Head;  
Lands, Houses, and Churches, he'd eat like an Apple,  
And cranch those, who with him too weak were to grapple.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

His Body was fashion'd much like to a Whale,  
And his Face made poor Children to weep and to wail;  
For to them more frightful this Monster appear'd  
Than *Witches* and *Spirits*, or *Father Grey-beard*.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

His Legs, big as Posts, did his Body support,  
And as proud he did strut, as a *Great Man* at Court.  
Whatever he touch'd, to his Fingers did cling,  
Which into his Pockets much Treasure did bring,

*Derry down, down, &c.*



But now it is time that to you I relate,  
 Good People, this Monster's disastrous Fate;  
 You hear'd his Beginning, his Downfall ensues,  
 Which you ought t'esteem as a good Piece of News,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Some *Hereticks*, who were to Pop'ry no Friends,  
 Consulted together to compass their Ends;  
 A Scheme was contriv'd, and the Plot was well-laid,  
 'Twas Treason, this Monster, some say, to invade,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Wherever he went they still kept him in View,  
 Their Toils they had pitch'd, and they then lay *perdu*;  
 These *NO-Roberts* got him into their Gin,  
 Which caus'd him to flounce, and to tremble, and grin,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Then strait from his Mouth there did come such a Yell,  
 It made the Earth quake; from behind him a Smell,  
 Which plainly discover'd it was not like Balsam,  
 For ev'ry one present adjudg'd it unwholesome,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

*CORRUPTION* infected his whole Mass of Blood,  
 And up to his Knees in Sir-Rev'rence he stood;  
 To be seen in this *Pickle*, quoth he, a Disgrace is,  
 Then offer'd to *bribe* 'em with Pensions and Places.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

With Pails full of Water his Dung they wash'd off,  
 They laugh'd at his *Brib'ry*, and at him did scoff;  
 He stood much surpriz'd that he shou'd be refus'd,  
 But much more surpriz'd when he found himself *noos'd*.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Thus halter'd, they led him, like wild Bears, about,  
 Some kick'd him behind, and some smote on his Snout:  
 When yok'd in the Pillory, there he was mob'd,  
 He call'd out for *Mercy*, but found himself *B O B'd*,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

From



From thence they conducted him to a large Gate,  
 Where Traitors Heads manifest what was their Fate;  
 A Gallows, erected, soon made his Heart ache,  
 He strove, but not one single Word he cou'd speak,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

*Down with him, down with him,* some People then cry'd,  
*Up with him, up with him,* some others reply'd;  
 With Countenance rueful, then *up* he was haul'd,  
*Huzza* was the Word, by the *Mob* he was Maul'd,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Half-hang'd, he was let down again, and, o! then  
 To deck him with *Ribbands* officious were Men;  
 A Pipe of *Virginia* was plac'd in his Jaws,  
 And a Bottle of *Port* in his Hand, with Applause.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

And whether those *Ribbands* were red, blue, or green,  
 A Figure more trim sure never was seen,  
 Except when the Major his *Horse* does bedeck,  
 To guide his \* *tame Warriours* with aukward stiff Neck,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Next, on his Left-Breast, or near thereabout,  
 A Paper in Form of a Star was cut out;  
 Then a Fire was kindled with Brush and with Faggot,  
 They were certainly *Hereticks* by such a Maggot.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Strait into the Flames the poor Monster was hurl'd,  
 To go piping-hot to a much hotter World;  
 Cry'd One, that stood by, 'tis a sad *burning* Shame,  
 To put the poor Monster thus *into a F L A M E*.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

You lie, quoth the Mob, if one Word you advance,  
 You to the same Tune shall soon caper and dance;  
 If you like *Wooden Shoes*, you may wear 'em for us,  
 But we'd have you to know, that we won't be serv'd thus.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*



The Fellow sneak'd off with a Flea in his Ear,  
 But a curst strong Stench was perceiv'd in his Rear.  
 He look'd like a Dog with a Bottle at's Tail,  
 And knew that there was no Defence 'gainst a Flail,  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

But what is most strange, in five Places at once,  
 This Monster was burn'd, as it were for the Nonce,  
 His Ashes were scatter'd abroad in the Air,  
 And may ev'ry Monster like this MONSTER fare.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Then cheer up your Hearts, all ye jolly brave Souls,  
 And comfort yourselves now with full flowing Bowls;  
 No more be dejected, no more be dismay'd,  
 For the Curs'd Evil Spirit for ever is laid.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

And whether those Ribbons were red, blue, or green,  
 A Figure more than once seen,  
 Except when the Mirror his face does bedeck,  
 To guide his way to the Tow'ard this Neck,  
**S I N I S**

Next on his Left Breast, or near thereabout,  
 A Paper in Form of a Star was cut out;  
 Then a Line was knitted with Thread and with Taggots,  
 They were certainly the same as such a Taggots.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

Swain into the Field, where the Monster was built,  
 To go piping-hot, and to sing and to dance;  
 Cry'd Out, that the Monster was burning Shame,  
 W I L L A M E.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

You lie, quoth the Mob, if one Word you advance,  
 You to the same Lane shall soon caper and dance;  
 If you like Wooden Shoes, you may wear 'em for us,  
 But we'd have you to know, that we won't be taw'd thus.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*